

No. 51

10c

NOVEMBER

BIG SHOT

IN THIS ISSUE
SPARKY WATTS
THE FACE
JOE PALOOKA
DIXIE DUGAN
THE SKYMAN
CHARLIE CHAN
and BO

SAY GOOD BYE,
TOJO — THE YANKS
ARE COMING!

B
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H
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T



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



SPARKY WATTS

DOC STATIC HAS INVENTED A COSMIC RAY MACHINE THAT MADE SPARKY WATTS THE STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH... IT ALSO MADE SLAPHAPPY'S FEET—THE BIGGEST

I NEVER KNEW YOU
WERE A SUGGLED LADIES
MAN, SLAPHAPPY.—
HOW COME?

ER, AHM... IT RUNS IN
MY FAMILY... GET IT FROM
MY UNCLE HUBERT
WOLFMORE, I GUESS!

ME GLAD
SATURDAY
ISN'T EVERY
DAY!

SLAPHAPPY!—COME IN—
QUICK! IT'S A LADY...
FOR YOU!

HA, HA—WHAT'D
I TELL YA----THEY'RE
ALWAYS AFTER
ME!

YOU'D
BETTER SEE
WHAT SHE
WANTS!

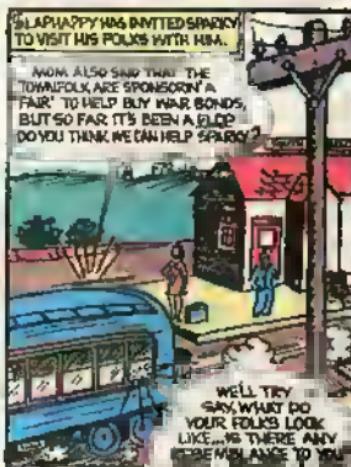
WHAT ?? A LADY!! HELP!
LET ME OUTA HERE

COME BACK, SHE
CAN'T BITE YOU... IT'S
OVER TH' TELEPHONE!

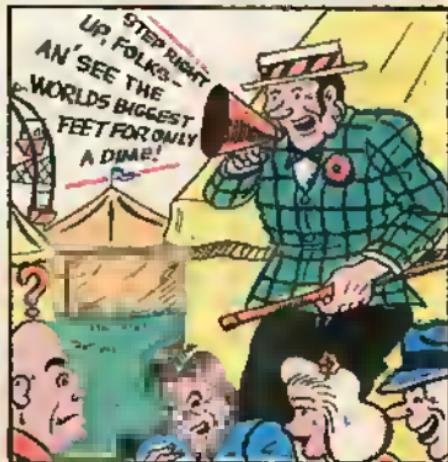
GOSH! WHO CAN
IT BE? WHAT CAN SHE
WANT WITH ME?



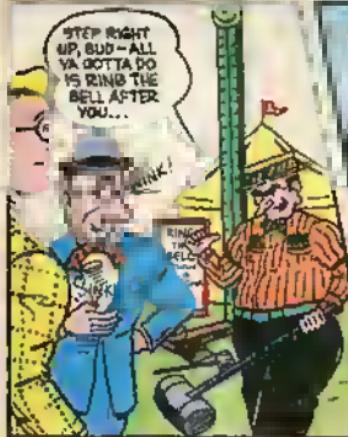
BIG SHOT



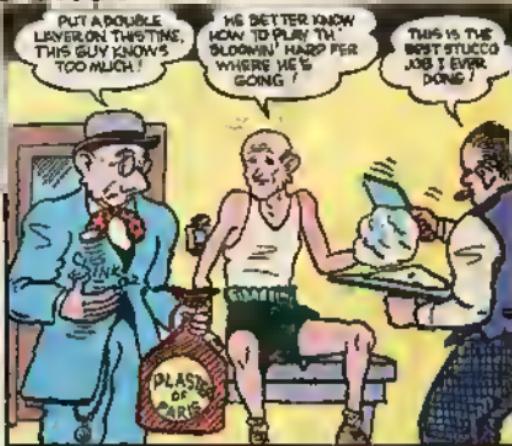
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



MORE OF SPARKY WATTS,
WORLD'S STRONGEST FUNNY
MAN, IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

BIG SHOT

the SKYMAN



A BEAUTIFUL RED-HEAD, A FORMULA FOR HIGH-EXPLOSIVE, AND A SUBTERRANEAN TORTURE CHAMBER, COMBINE TO GIVE SKYMAN AN EXCITING AFTER-MONTH . . .

UNCLE PETE! A V-MAIL LETTER ALL THE WAY FROM CHINA--FROM FAWN CARROLL! SHE'S STILL WITH THE 14TH AIR FORCE BOYS.



SHE WRITES THAT SKYMAN WAS THERE, BUT HAS LEFT --- **HEY!**



RAISE YOUR DAINTY HANDS, PRETTY BOY-- IT'S HEALTHY EXERCISE!



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

THERE'S ONLY ONE
THING RED AND HER
FRIENDS CAN BE AFTER
'V-69'!

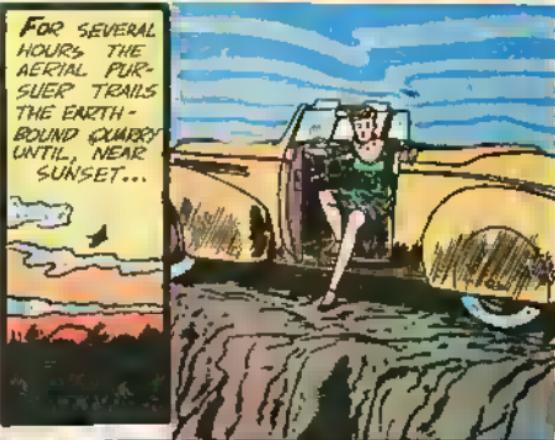
NOW, IF I'VE TIED THOSE
KNOTS RIGHT, RED
OUGHT TO BE WORKING
FREE ANY MINUTE...

AH! THERE'S
BABY, NOW...!



IF I STAY ABOVE THE CLOUDS,
SHE CAN'T SEE THE WING-BLIT
I CAN FOLLOW HER ON THE
TELEVISI-SCREEN!

FOR SEVERAL
HOURS THE
AERIAL PUR-
SUER TRAILS
THE EARTH-
BOUND QUARRY
UNTIL, NEAR
SUNSET...



HMM! WHERE
IS SHE
GOING.??



THE WING'S MOTORS
MIGHT ALARM THE ENEMY-
SO I'LL JUST HAVE TO
USE THE ICARUS-CAPE
FOR A GLIDER
APPROACH...



BIG SHOT

WELL, WELL! RED'S DISAPPEARED BEHIND THAT WATERFALL!

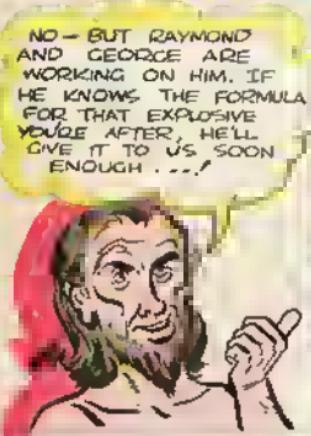


SO YOU DIDN'T GET YOUNG TURNER, HEY, JENNY?

NO, LOUIE, I DIDN'T, HAS THE OLD MAN TALK ED YET?



NO - BUT RAYMOND AND GEORGE ARE WORKING ON HIM. IF HE KNOWS THE FORMULA FOR THAT EXPLOSIVE YOU'D AFTER HELL GIVE IT TO US SOON ENOUGH . . . !



TRICKY UPDRAFTS HERE - I HOPE I CAN MAKE THE LEDGE . . .



PHEW! GLAD I'VE BEEN EATING BIRD-SEED!



COME NOW - HOW'S ABOUT A LITTLE DICTATION . . . ?



CERTAINLY! YOURS OF OCTOBER 30TH RECEIVED AND CONTENTS NOTED. SORRY WE DON'T LIKE YOUR PRODUCT - AND HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A KNOCK ON THE HEAD . . . ?

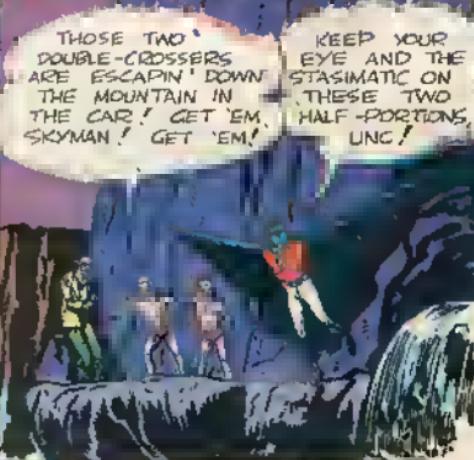
SKY MAN



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

MEN!

Sensational New

NECKTIE GLOWS
in the Dark!

BY DAY
A
WONDERFUL
NECKTIE



BY NIGHT
THE MOST
UNIQUE EFFECT
YOU HAVE
EVER SEEN



CREATES A SENSATION
WHEREVER YOU GO...

It seems almost unbelievable, the magic beauty of an amazing new kind of stylish, wrinkleproof, high-class necktie that actually glows in the dark! Glows with a strange, luminous pattern of the patriot's universal Fighting Code. . . . "V"! It's called the new Victory Necktie, and what a sensation! Both men and women "swear" about its magical beauty, and the startling miracle of its glow in the dark, and make it the most unusual strikingly unique tie you've ever seen. Imagine its marvelous effect—it's actual protection in blackouts, or dimouts, for its light can be seen at a distance. And now, through this amazing but limited introductory offer, you too, can secure some of these ties to wear yourself or give as a treasured gift.



YOU MUST SEE THIS MIRACLE YOURSELF
SEND NO MONEY... MAIL COUPON... TEST AT OUR RISK

Make no mistake, this new Victory Necktie must not be confused with any ordinary novelty tie, for by day you'll be easily proud of its fine material, its smartness—a high-class, distinctive tie in every way. Wrinkleproof! Ties up perfectly! It's a rich dark blue, and in a splendor of red and white, is the Victory Code that glows in the dark. You would expect this wonderful tie to be very expensive, but it won't cost you \$5.00 nor even \$2.00, for under this special limited offer, it is yours for only 98¢. Nor is that all. You send a money. You merely pay postage 98¢ plus postage. Then we ship. See how beautiful. And if you're not eager to wear it, if you're not fully satisfied in every way, all you need to do is return it under the manufacturer's positive assurance of money refunded. That's fair, isn't it? Don't wait. Send for your Victory Necktie that glows in the dark NOW.

ONLY 98¢

MAIL THIS COUPON!

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO., Dept. 611

Send me my Victory Necktie that glows in the dark. I will pay postage 98¢ plus postage with good positive assurance I will be delighted, or return the low bill refund.

If you want us to send you 3 Glow-in-the-Dark Neckties for \$2.72
please here

Name

Address

City, Zone, State

Everywhere you go, by day or night, your Victory (also called "Blackout") Necktie will attract attention, envy, and admiration. Imagine its beauty by day—the Fighting man's "V" for Victory, so striking, red, white and blue! And at night the Victory Code is glowing beautifl! Wear this tie with pride—it's smart, wrinkleproof—and holds its shape perfectly. A superb bargain in quality, with the added sensational magic of glowing in the dark. Send for yours now!

BIG SHOT

JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER



THEY TURNED ME DOWN FOR THE ARMY—I WAS IN THE TIME—SO PM LEARNED ANYTHING I KIN' EVER BUDDY SHOULD.

YOU SAID I'VE GOT OUR FACTORY TO RUN—BUT STILL HAVE TIME TO BE AN AIR RAID WARDEN.



HOW DO YOU DO MR. WALSH. GEORGE OFTEN SPEAKS OF YOU.

HOL...



HE'S NEVER WORKED IN HIS LIFE.



WHY AIN'T YOU IN THE ARMY IF YA GOT NO BUDDY TO SUPPORT AND DON'T WORK?

REALLY OLD BOY—YOU'RE AWFULLY INQUIRITIVE. I WAS REJECTED.



HOW MANY FINGERS AM I HOLDIN' UP?

TWO...



COMPLETELY BLURRED—LOOKS LIKE A LETTER-HEAD.



LOOKS LIKE A DIME—IS THAT RIGHT?



OHHHH...



HE MADE A FAST EXIT. I KNEW HE WAS FAKE. KNOBBY PROVED IT!

I'M SORRY, MRS. PALOOKA. I JUST COULDN'T CONTROL MY TEMPER.



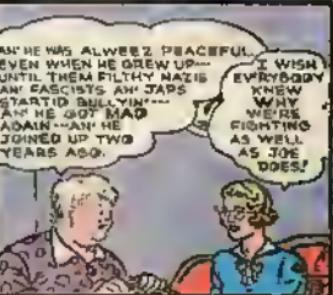
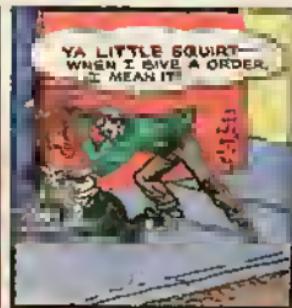
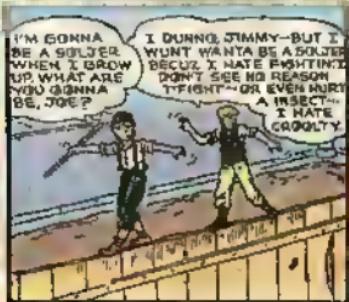
THANKS. YA SEE, WE HAD SOME A THEM BACK IN '47.

YOU'VE DONE US A FAVOR, KNOBBY.

BIG SHOT

JOE PALOOKA

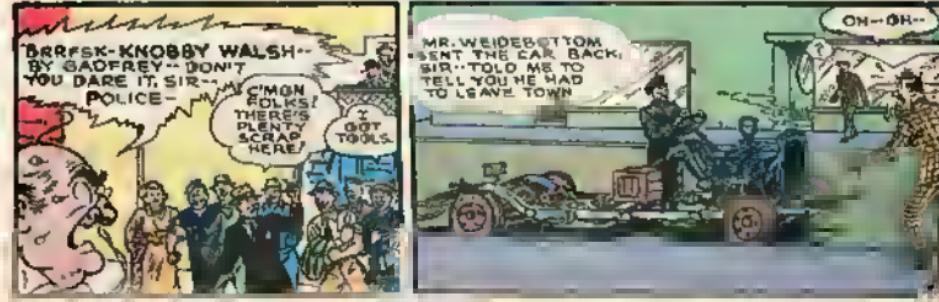
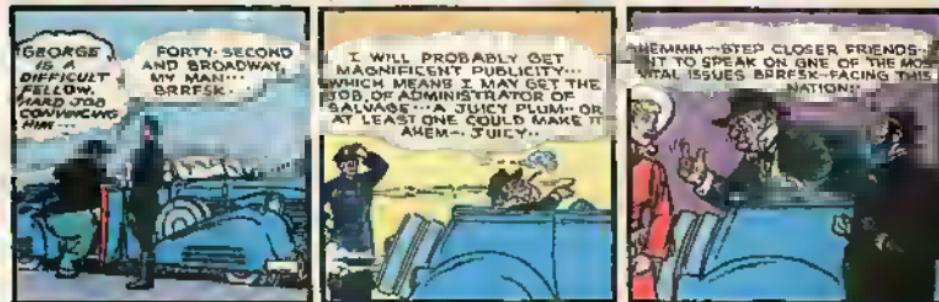
by HAM FISHER



BIG SHOT

JOE PALOOKA

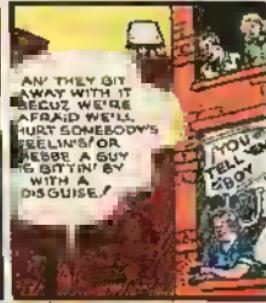
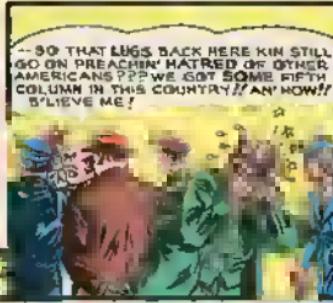
by HAM FISHER



BIG SHOT

JOE PALOOKA

BY HAM FISHER.



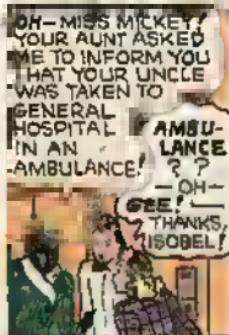
DIXIE DUGAN

By McEVOY and STRIEBEL

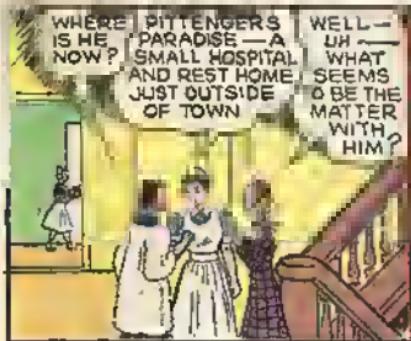
WHEN
BUD HALE
MICKEY'S
FIANCÉ
WAS
DRAFTED
MICKEY
AND DIXIE
WENT ON
UPON
THEIR
RETURN...



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



AT THE PRESENT TIME LET'S JUST BE CONCERNED ABOUT HIS HEALTH. MATTERS HAVE A WAY OF ADJUSTING THEMSELVES



BIG SHOT

I'M GETTING THREE SQUARES A DAY — HAVE A BEAUTIFUL VIEW FROM MY WINDOW — LOTS OF GOOD BOOKS — THE NURSES ARE BULLY — WHAT MORE CAN A MAN ASK FOR ?



OH ! (GRUNT) IT'S YOU AGAIN ! HOW'S MY NEW PATIENT TODAY ?



HOW LONG WILL UNCLE BEVY BE LAID UP ?

AT LEAST THREE MONTHS BUT IT COULD BE MUCH LONGER —



OH — I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, DIXIE ! I — I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO SELL THE — IT'S HOUSE AND AUCTION — NOT AS BAD AS AND — THAT, MRS BROWN —



WHY DON'T YOU RENT THE HOUSE FOR THE TIME BEING AND TAKE A SMALL APARTMENT NEAR THE HOSPITAL ??

NOW I CAN SEE HIM EVERY DAY —



AND MICKEY CAN LIVE AT MY HOUSE SO SHE'LL BE NEAR HER JOB !



GEE — I FORGOT ONE THING ! MY OVERNIGHT BAG !



WAAL — I'VE GOT SMACK ! TWO DAUGHTERS AS IF I HADN'T LIVED HERE MOST OF THE TIME ANYWAY !



BIG SHOT



740 J·O·R·D·A·N

VIC IS BEING HELD PRISONER BELOW WHILE IN THE ATTIC ELSE AND MR. GLOVE SEARCH FOR A DOLL BELIEVED TO HOLD INFORMATION CONCERNING THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

SO, THIS IS THE
ARYAN SUPERMAN—
WHEN WE HASN'T GOT
A KNIFE AT YOUR
BACK!

I'M A WEALTHY
MAN, HERR
MUELLER. I HAVE
POWER. I CAN
HELP YOU... RUDOLPH
TELL THEM—

YOUR POWER HAS
ENDED, HERR GLOVE.
YOU ARE GOING
TO DIE!

CHAUFFEUR—
SLOW DOWN!



BIG SHOT

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, ELSE, BUT THIS IS NO TIME FOR TEARS. WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE. SECONDS COUNT, NOW. I'VE NO PAPERS AND YOURS ARE WORTHLESS!



IF THE GESTAPO HASN'T FINISHED OFF DR. HAUSHMAN, WE MAY HAVE A CHANCE. HOW FAR ARE WE FROM BERLIN?



AN - AN HOURS WALK ANYWAY.

ALL RIGHT! LET'S GO! WELL STICK TO THE WOODS AS LONG AS WE CAN. THINK YOU CAN MAKE IT?

I - S THINK SO....



USING BACK ROADS, VIC AND ELSE FINALLY REACH BERLIN, CITADEL OF NAZI TERROR AND OPPRESSION.

TO THINK THEY HAD YOUR FATHER'S BEFORE I COULD UNDERSTAND WHAT NATIONAL SOCIALISM MEANS! I WAS SO STUPID - SO BLIND!

FATHER'S DEATH IS A GREAT SHOCK, BUT YOU MAY TAKE SOME COMFORT FROM THIS, ELSE.



EVERY MAN AND WOMAN WHO JOINS THE UNDERGROUND IN EUROPE TODAY KNOWS THAT FROM THAT MOMENT ON HIS LIFE IS FOREST. THIS GALLANT ARMY WHICH FIGHTS EVERY WHERE, ALL THE TIME, WITHOUT ARMS, IN MANY CASES WITHOUT ORGANIZATION, AGAINST TERRIFIC ODDS CONSIDERS A SINGLE LIFE WELL LOST IN THE GRIM STRUGGLE TO FREE THE WORLD OF THE FASCIST CURSE!



I CAN NOT BRING HIM BACK, BUT I WILL CONTINUE THE FIGHT IN WHICH HE LOST HIS LIFE.

ATTA GIRL, ELSE!



AND NOW WE MUST FIND A DR. CURT HAUSHMAN WHOM YOUR FATHER SAID WOULD HELP ME IN BERLIN.

WE CAN CHECK THE PHONE BOOK IN THAT CIGAR STORE DOWN THE STREET.

BUT, VIC, SUPPOSE HE'S NOT THE RIGHT MAN?



WELL, KNOW SOON ENOUGH, ELSE! BUT I'VE A HUNCH THE TRICK WILL BE TO CONVINCE HIM WE'RE OKAY.

WE'D LIKE TO SEE DR. HAUSHMAN, PLEASE!

THESE ARE NOT HIS OFFICE HOURS BUT I THINK HE CAN SEE YOU.

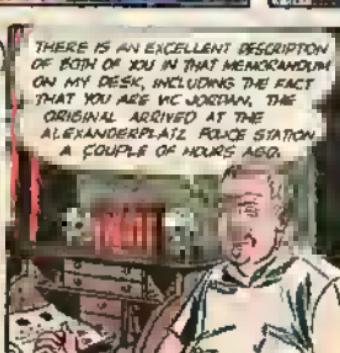


AH, HERR MUELLER AND FRAULEIN BACH! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW WHO WE ARE, DOCTOR?



THERE IS AN EXCELLENT DESCRIPTION OF BOTH OF YOU IN THAT MEMORANDUM ON MY DESK, INCLUDING THE FACT THAT YOU ARE VIC JORDAN, THE ORIGINAL ARRIVED AT THE ALEXANDERPLATZ POLICE STATION A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO.



MORE IN THE NEXT ISSUE

THE ASHES OF MR. ACROPOLIS

By MARY BAILEY

TOBY PERWOLD'S little red moustache looked like a caterpillar that had been disappointed in love and had let itself go.

"Tell me," I said, wincing at this human tragedy at the other end of the mahogany bar, "what catastrophe has reduced Brother Toby to this deplorable state?"

Joe the Bartender was No Sales on the cash register and slipped a dollar into his shoe with a mummified imprecation upon distrustful beer-garden proprietors who saw up a bartender's pockets.

"You want to hear about Toby Perwold and the bronze lamp?" he replied at last. "It's a ghoulish story. Makes my blood run cold."

"Just the thing for a summer night," I said, and lighted my cigar.

LAST TUESDAY (begins Joe the Bartender, sprinkling an extra dash of salt over the free lunch) Toby came home with the bronze lamp. The proprietor of the second-hand store, who had been trapping Toby as he was passing by, was a big gorilla with a gill for a city, perspiration and a massive knock of cracking his knuckles. He seemed peculiarly anxious to get rid of the bronze lamp, even if he had to take a mere five hundred percent profit.

"What have you there?" said Toby's Aunt Amelia as he unwrapped the lamp. "More debris?"

Had she not spoken, Toby would have sent the lamp promptly to the refuse. Better had he done so! But when Aunt Amelia gave one of her raspy laughs, Toby, as it were, clapped the lamp to his bosom.

"A very excellent lamp," he replied stiffly. "It's!"

"I bought it especially for my desk. Set it off. With three panes missing."

Indeed, as Toby would have admitted to anyone else, the lamp was in a sorry condition. Three panes of the green glass shade were missing. Moreover, the lamp needed a scouring, and the dancing figures which embossed the vase section had been nearly effaced by time or misfortune.

"Gives more light without the panes," said Toby.

"It's!"

"And now, if you will be kind enough to get an electric bulb, we shall see how it works."

"Where do you think you're going to put the electric bulb, Turkhead?" inquired Aunt Amelia.

"Why, right here," said Toby, and he fingered, probing on unfamiliar mechanism, discovered that the bronze lamp belonged to the era of kerosene illumination.

"Hal!" said Aunt Amelia.

"I'll use it for a paperweight until we can secure the necessary juice," said Toby.

"Hal!" said Aunt Amelia, and proceeded to dust the room for the twentieth time that day.

TOBY, you know, is a script writer for a comic book. In pursuance of this lout profession, he frequently spends whole nights

driving over the typewriter about Mad Monarchs who turn out to be Japanese spies and superduplex heroes in satin capes and tight boots.

Two a.m. of this ill-tempered day found Toby going round. His typewriter was clacking beautifully; the mood was upon him; he was equipped with a bottle of Aunt Amelia's root beer and a carton of cigarettes. Life seemed very good. One more page ending separated the hero in the stomach from climbing out of the sand pit and dueling heartily with the five-eyed monster, or vice versa. Yes, life was good, thought Toby, and he could almost imagine the sight of the bronze lamp.

With the satisfaction that comes to an author who has kept tenth with his public and has indulged in the blood and suspense and titillation, Toby would have written his summations down. That is, if he had not fallen asleep.

He was awakened by a heavy metallic clang. Comic book script writers are a crazy lot, Toby tells me, and equal to my occasion. Comes of having to get their heroes incessantly out of exploding armadas and spots like that. Hearing this unusual sound (unusual unless you keep a millet-eating horse in the parlor), Toby did what he very, very bad-blooded comic book author would do. He lifted the lid of his right eye and castlessly gazed about the room.

What he saw made him leap from his seat into the stratosphere!

On the other side of the desk stood a gay fifteen-foot high. Yes, fifteen feet high, and dressed in ancient Greek armor. His helmet blushed against the ceiling as he bent over the bronze lamp.

Yet, after the first moment, Toby was not afraid.

The giant warrior was in a melancholy mood, Toby says, and seemed not disposed to harm anyone, though he could have pulverized Joe Louis with his little finger. Indeed, for a long while the giant seemed unaware of Toby's presence, and went on lambiling with the bronze lamp.

Finally he looked up and spoke in a deep, sepulchral voice. Toby did not understand, but the words put him musically back in the fourth row of his Greek class in high school, where a frizzle-headed prof named Pop Rose was gibbering unintelligibly.

The warrior tried again, this time in English, which Toby understands.

"I am Heracles Xenophon Acropolis. I did not mean to disturb you, but will you kindly remove this?" Mr. Acropolis handed Toby the bronze lamp and indicated the shade and the kerosene apparatus.

"Sure, sure, Mr. Acropolis. Anything you say."

Mr. Acropolis took back the bronze lamp, and letting the dark light trickle down its long throat, he sank into the depths. His expression grew more sorrowful.

"Something wrong?" said Toby.

"It's just as I expected," replied Mr. Acropolis, sadly.

"Too bad," said Toby. "But that's life. May I ask what's the trouble?"

Mr. Acropolis suddenly reminded Toby of the Empire State Building when storm clouds are gathering thunderbolts. He prodded its vase with a sovereign finger.

"This," said Mr. Acropolis, "is my burial urn." Toby shrank in his skin. "Burial urn? You mean you're dead?"

Not a pleasant situation, eh? And not at all relieved when the warrior guy added in that assegai-voiced voice that Boris Karloff used in his more morbid moments. "Yes, I forgot to duck a javelin at Marathon. My sacred ashes are contained within that urn—where's hell to them?"

The ancient Greeks, Toby remembered, would return to dispose of their faithful departed. Saved undertakers' bills. And so here he was, talking to a ghost. The bronze lamp was not a bronze lamp, or even a paper-weight, but a *urn*. And he understood now why the only proprietor of the second-hand store had been so grieved when he learned that his dear son had gone through this, too. "Why must my sacred ashes be scattered so wantonly? Are there no respect?" That last writhed Acropolis lost a good portion when he unsealed my urn. From then on I haven't been able to call these ashes my own. Each time another blasted mortal touches them, ergo more of my ethere vessels—Ophelia! I don't know where hell is to it."

"Downright shame," Toby sympathized.

Mr. Acropolis made a gesture. "Won't I look floss on the Last Day? Only hell turned out!"

Toby considered the prospect. "Appealing," he decided, and started to tell Mr. Acropolis about a movie he'd seen recently, titled *The Invisible Man's Half Brother*.

"The idiot who kidnapped a lamp in this urn lost most of my ashes," interrupted Mr. Acropolis, "but he lived to regret it."

Toby winced. "I tell you what, maybe you ought to take the urn. Keep an eye on it yourself. You know, half a fool—"

"No," replied Mr. Acropolis, sadly. "None of you is strong, but the urn cannot be brought into the spiritual kingdom." Mr. Acropolis paused, and Toby could see the spectral singer replaced by an idea. "You," said Mr. Acropolis, fixing him with an Ancient Merman's eye, "you will take care of the urn for me."

"But—but—but—"

The proprietor of the second-hand store should have taken lessons from Mr. Acropolis on how to acquire oily persuasiveness and thick 'knuckles. "You will keep this urn in your family, and it will be an heirloom to be carefully kept by you and your descendants. Carefully kept. Remember that, mackerel face."

The snapshot was that Toby aghast. What else could he do? Toby is sure that Mr. Acropolis would consider eye-gouging a silly sport, and be shuddered to think what had befuddled the lamp-maker who unwillingly desecrated and scattered the ashes of Mr. Acropolis.

Still, looking at it another way, there aren't many guys in this world who have a sacred trust. Considering that Toby left a warmth out in his bosom. After all, he did spend one summer with the Boy Scouts, and that I always leaves its mark.

Promising to pop back once you while to see how well his sacred ashes were being preserved, the ghostly Mr. Acropolis finally departed, and Toby was glad. During the last few minutes, he says, it was touch and go, because even with an

A-plus classmate like him, these conversations with the Other World take their toll.

THE SUN was bubbling through the curtains when Toby awoke again, and he was amazed at the strangeness of the place. The stale air of the previous night had been dispelled. His desk had been tidied; the empty root-beer bottle and the accumulation of cigarette ashes had disappeared. Yet these were ordinary conditions brought by the perpetual motion of Aunt Amelia. There must be some other explanation for this preternatural cheeriness, thought Toby.

Then he knew what it was. A greeful vase that shone like burnished gold sat on his desk, with fresh-cut erysanthemums from the garden glowing prettily in the sunlight.

Toby liked the effect. And he was contemplating it with a good deal of utter pleasure, when admiring like a hot 100-milky egg stuck in a hot shroud.

For this cheerful vase, glistening so happily in the sun, was the *urn* he sought—minus shield and kevose—a *potpourri* and highly polished!

"Oh, my aminated urn!" he gasped.

"Did you call me?" said Aunt Amelia, from under the desk, where she was digging a fox-hole with broom and dragon.

Toby nearly strangled. "Did you—did you?" he croaked.

Aunt Amelia looked pleased. "Makes a pretty flower vase, don't it?"

"You—You!"

She replied Aunt Amelia. "It's certainly a better vase than an ashtray, anyway. And hereafter, we'll *slather* keep your cigarette ashes where they belong. How you *mess* consume so much tobacco without a single broken *W* beyond ban!"

Toby found his voice unrecognizable as his own, and hardly worth finding.

"Y-you mess," he sputtered, "you mess you throw out the ashes—the *soot*—the *ash*—the *smoke* that *smell*!"

"Harrumph," said Aunt Amelia.

Toby did not wait for any more bright banter. He left the house without picking a toothbrush, and he hasn't been home since. I guess that's *blame* him. You see, he doesn't know what to say to Mr. Acropolis.

FOR a minute after the the Bartender had finished speaking, I was silent before a tragedy of the first water.

"It's a tragedy of the first water," I said. "Joe the Bartender learned some new liquor info on old school and tried to *teach* the label with a bar tag. I think we can help Toby," he said at last.

"I'm tickling Mr. Acropolis, count me out," I said. "I don't like those fifteen-foot guys especially when they're ectoplasm."

"It's very simple," whispered Joe. He leaned closer and the 100 percent proof measure of his brain nearly accomplished what all his mixed potions had failed to do for me. "The idea seems to me like a fish. We will simply substitute the ashes of your cigar in the burial urn, and all will be all right."

I digested this in silence. My cigar which had mouldered throughout the telling of Brother Toby Perwold's eerie history, wore a wide collar of rich grey ash, and our eye agreed that it seemed good enough.

"Look like the gods," I said. "But won't Mr. Acropolis look funny on Judgment Day—running around in a *burial* *Alien*?"

THE END

CHARLIE CHAN

Mild
Moodie

HAVING
AVERTED AN
EXPLOSION AT
THE ARSENAL,
CHAN, WITH
GINA AND AN
AMBULANCE
DRIVER, RACES
TO HELP
KIRK...

WE'RE ON
THE RIGHT
TRACK! I HEARD
A BLAST FROM
THIS DIRECTION!



—AT ABOUT THE
SAME TIME AS THE
EXPLOSION AT THE
MAGAZINE!

YEAH—
SOUND YOU
JUST ABOUT HEARD WAS NOT
THE SAME ECHO! TIME BOMBS
TIME!
WERE SET TO EX-
PLODE SHARLTAN-
EOUSLY! FASTER,
PLEASE!



MEANWHILE, KIRK RACES ALONGSIDE
MORGAN'S COUPE, JUST AS ZARA AND
THE MASTER DESCEND THE BANK—



ZARA! YOU
CAN'T HIT THAT
CYCLIST AT SUCH
SPEED!
CAREFUL!

HOLD YOUR
TONGUE! I SHOT
BEST AT A MOVING
TARGET!



LOOKS LIKE
I'M THE CLAY PIGEON.
GOTTA PULL OUT
OF THIS ONE!

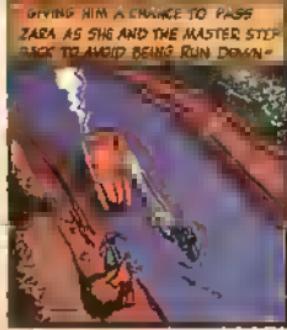


SPURTING AHEAD KIRK FORCES MORGAN
TO VEER SHARPLY INTO THE BANK—

YOU BLIGHTER!
TRYING TO WRECK
ME, EH?



GIVING HIM A CHANCE TO PASS
ZARA AS SHE AND THE MASTER STEP
BACK TO AVOID BEING RUN DOWN—



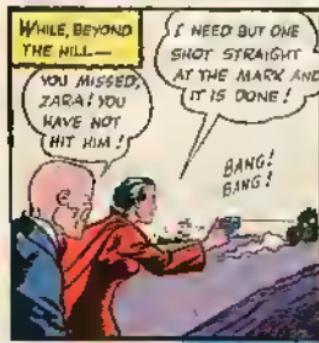
NOW HE HAS
PASSED US, EXACTLY BETWEEN
ZARA! WATCH!
HIS SHOULDERS!
SO!



SLOW DOWN
QUICKLY! ROAD
AHEAD IS
BLOCKED!
YES! THERE'S
OUR STATION WAGON!
KARL MUST HAVE CRASHED
AT THE BRIDGE!



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BUT, CHARLIE -



Ohhhh!



GOOD BOY KIRK! - BUT THEY ESCAPED! ONLY A DEAD MAN HERE!

More EXCITING ADVENTURES WITH CHARLIE CHAN IN THE NEXT ISSUE

BOYS! GIRLS!

HELP YOUR COUNTRY WIN THE WAR!

SAVE WASTE PAPER!

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BIG SHOT

Captain Yank

BY
FRANK TINSLEY

YANK TELLS THE RUSSIAN OFFICER OF JAP PLANS TO BLOW UP RED ARMY FORTIFICATIONS ALONG THE RIVER.



THE MARSHAL IS STILL AT HEADQUARTERS... PASS, COMRADES!

LOOKS LIKE THE FAMILY ENTRANCE OF AN UNDERGROUND FORT - WHAT A SET-UP!



BIG SHOT

IF THE YELLOW DEVILS BLAST THIS FORTRESS, THEY CAN CUT OFF ALL EASTERN SIBERIA!... AS YOU YANKEES SAY, WE'VE GOT TO **MOVE FAST!**

THEY HAVE A PRETTY STRONG FORCE ACROSS THE RIVER, MARSHAL CHEVENKO... I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN MOVE ENOUGH MEN TO RAID THE TUNNEL IN TIME!

THESE SNOW BIRDS'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM... THEY'RE A LITTLE WINTER SURPRISE WE'VE BEEN HOLDING UP OUR SLEEVES!

ARMORED SLEDS!

WOW! THESE BABIES SURE CAN STEP ALONG, SIR!

THEIR ENGINES ARE SO POWERFUL, THEY ALMOST TAKE OFF AND FLY!



BUT... EVEN AS THE SPEEDY SLEDS START ACROSS THE FROZEN RIVER, JAP ENGINEERS ARE CONNECTING UP THE LAST OF THE FIRING WIRES THAT WILL DETONATE TONS OF T.N.T. BEHIND THE RUSSIAN DEFENSES!



ACROSS ALREADY! NOW, IF YOU WILL BE SO KIND TO GUIDE US, CAPTAIN YANKEE!

GLAD TO, SIR... TELL YOUR DRIVER TO SWERVE TO THE RIGHT — HE CAN PICK UP OUR TRACKS AND FOLLOW 'EM RIGHT TO THE MINE!



MEANWHILE IN THE TUNNEL...

DESPICABLE RUSSIANS HAVE LEARNED OUR SECRET... JUST WORK FAST KATO!

DETONATOR WIRES ALL CONNECTED, MAJOR SAN... WE GO NOW?



FASTER!... MUST EXPLODE MINE BEFORE STUPID COMMUNISTS HAVE TIME TO ACT.



I CONNECT FIRING SWITCH QUICKLY... THEN WE BLOW RUSSIAN FORT TO PIECES...

AND CLEAR PASS FOR OUR SURPRISE INVASION OF SIBERIA!... WE WILL ALL HAVE MUCH HONOR!



ALL IN READINESS, MAJOR SAN... WILL MOST HIGH EXCELLENCY DEIGN TO DEPRESS PLUNGER?



I THINK WE ARRIVE IN GOOD TIME, COMRADE. I SEE NO ONE AROUND TUNNEL ENTRANCE.

LOOK! MARSHAL CHEVENKO ON THAT HILL!

BIG SHOT

THOSE NIP DEVILS ARE ALL SET TO BLOW THE MINE. WE'LL NEVER GET THERE IN TIME TO STOP 'EM.

PERHAPS NOT COMRADE YANK... BUT LITTLE KATINKA HERE, SHE HAS ONE LONG REACH!

I GUESS WE MOVE TOO FAST FOR THEM, EM, COL. RUDIKI?... NOW YOUR ENGINEERS CAN START PULL THE TEETH OF THAT NICE JAPANESE MINE!

OH-OH—LOOK!

THE MAIN JAP FORCE!

THE JAPS HAVE A BIGGER FORCE HERE THAN I REALIZED—LOOK AT THOSE TRUCKS!

HMM... COL. RUDIKI—HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE YOUR ENGINEERS TO DISMANTLE THAT MINE?

QUITE A WHILE, COMRADE MARSHAL... WE COULD NEVER HOLD THE JAPS OFF LONG ENOUGH WITH JUST THOSE THREE SLEDS!

YOU'RE RIGHT! THEY'LL RETAKE THE TUNNEL LONG BEFORE WE CAN GET REINFORCEMENT ACROSS THE RIVER!

AND THAT TNT IS STILL UNDER YOUR FORT!

THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE, SIR... WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I'LL TRY TO NEUTRALIZE MINE

I'VE GOT AN IDEA TOO, RUDIKI! COUNT ME IN ON THE PARTY!

WHAT—WHAT'S THAT?

RUDIKI!—CAPTAIN YANK! WHAT ARE YOU TWO UP TO?

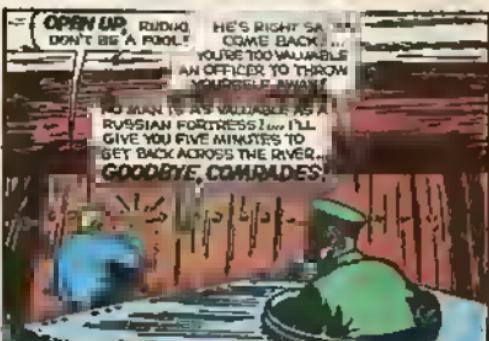
GOTTA WORK FAST, SIR... HOLD TH'NIPS OFF AS LONG AS YOU CAN

YANK! WAIT FOR ME!

THOSE CRAZY POOLS HAVE SOME IDEA IN MIND AND IT'S UP TO US TO GAIN THEM ENOUGH TIME—GET IN YOUR SLEDS, COMRADES, WE GO PLAY WITH THE



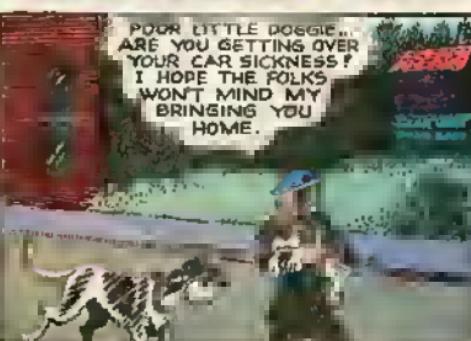
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



JUNIOR
OFFERED
TO CURE
A PUPPY
OF CAR-
SICKN-
FOR ALL
HE NEVER
SAW BEFORE



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



The FACE

by MART BAILEY



WILD BILL SOGGANS, WAR CORRESPONDENT, ASSUMED RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE FACE MASK DURING TONY TRENT'S IMPRISONMENT IN JAPAN.... THEN ONE DAY CAPTAIN BIGGS, FORMER POLICE INSPECTOR, TURNED UP IN THE PACIFIC WAR ZONE AND ANNOUNCED THAT THE FACE IS WANTED BACK IN NEW YORK FOR AN ANCIENT MURDER....

MUST BE A POLTER-
GEIST LOOSE IN
THIS HOUSE! NOW
MY CAP'S GONE,
EVERYTHING'S DIS-
APPEARING LATELY.

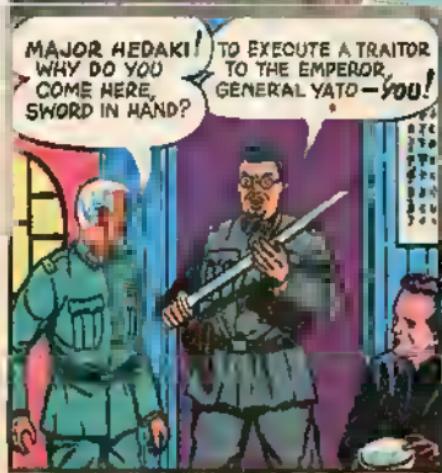
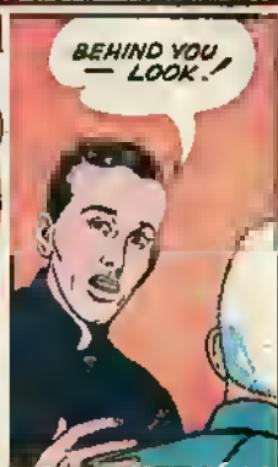
YOU CAN BET
THE FACE IS
BEHIND THESE
THEFTS.

BUT FROM THE CLOSET
CHUCKLES A DEMONIC
LITTLE MAN WITH A SOUL
OF MISCHIEF....

DID YOU HEAR A YELL
CAPTAIN BIGGS? —
LIKE SOMEONE IN
TERROR... UPSTAIRS!



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



MAJOR, DON'T! — TONY'S SICK — HELPLESS —



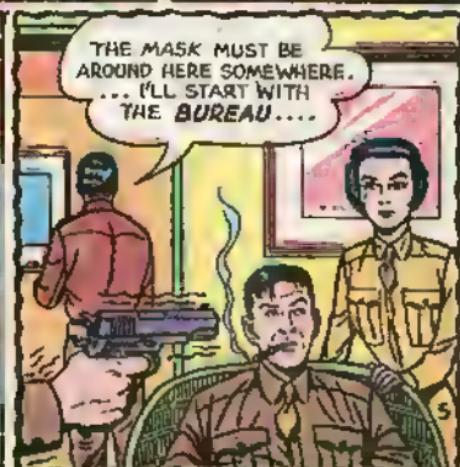
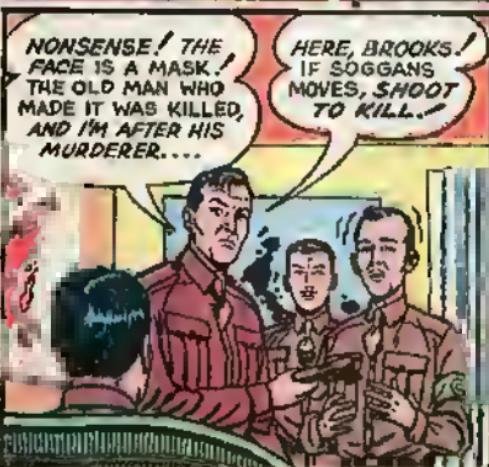
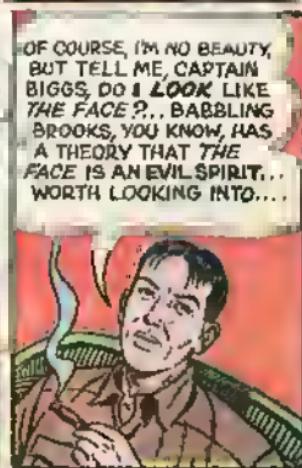
YOU'RE GOING TO DO A FIEND A FAVOR, BROOKS.



BIG SHOT



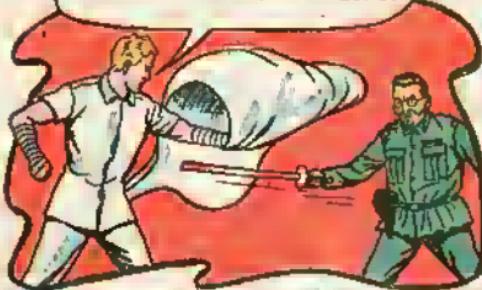
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

HJAPAN, AS MAJOR HEDAKI LUNGES WITH MURDEROUS SWORD, TONY TRENT WHIPS THE QUILT OFF HIS SICK BED...

AND WHEN I WAS A KID,
FOLKS SAID I WAS WASTING
TIME READING THOSE
CLOAK AND SWORD THRILLERS!



FOOLISH MAN! YOU
HESITATED TOO LONG
TO KILL ME —
TOO BAD FOR YOU!



BUT BEFORE HEDAKI
CAN SQUEEZE THE
TRIGGER, GENERAL YATO
PERFORMS HIS LAST
OFFICIAL ACT....



(ON THE ISLAND...

THE MASK
DOESN'T SEEM
TO BE HERE...

L-L-L-LOOK!



GRINNING OVER THE
WINDOW SILL WITH
FRIENDLY FEROCITY —
THE FACE!

OGLEWOP?



GREAT HEAVENS!
IS THAT
THE FACE?



AS I WAS SAYING, CAPTAIN
BIGGS, YOU OUGHT TO LOOK
INTO BROOKS' THEORY ABOUT
THE FACE BEING AN EVIL
SPIRIT.... GOSH, IF HE
CAN CHANGE SHAPE LIKE
THAT, THE FACE MUST
BE A WERWOLF!



NEXT... THE FACE HUNT